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On the Preſenſation which Animals have of Changes in the Weather.

By Dr. F. A. A. Meyer, at Gottingen.

I Should only repeat what has already been long known, if I ſhould attempt to prove that, by the great enlargement of our knowledge reſpecting the natural hiſtory of foreign animals, by means of various learned travellers, we are now enabled to explain, to the ſatisfaction of the judicious naturaliſt, many phenomena which occur among indigenous animals. The ſenſations which take place in animal bodies before a change of weather, which animals expreſs by various external appearances, and which, without taking part in the diſpute whether animals are endowed or not with ſouls, may be called a *preſenſation*, ſeem however to require conſiderable explanation. I am well aware that it will be impoſſible for me to explain things which have not as yet been perfectly explained by men of the greateſt knowledge; but I am convinced that every thing which can contribute to the illuſtration of an obſcure ſubject deſerves to be ſubmitted to a proof, and that it is of uſe to communicate even ſingle obſervations on points concerning which ſyſtems cannot be formed till after the expiration of centuries. Conſidering the ſubject in this point of view, I preſent the following.

Preſenſation may be admitted under three heads:— I. The preſenſation which animals have of dry fair weather. II. The preſenſation which animals have of rainy weather. III. The preſenſation which animals have of ſtormy weather.

What regards the two firſt claſſes of the preſenſation of animals is taken from the Gottingen Pocket Almanack for the year 1779, the editor of which, as is well known, was at that period

Counſellor Lichtenberg. In that work I found the moſt authentic obſervations of the lateſt writers collected together. The obſervations reſpecting the third claſs I collected myſelf.

Firſt then, reſpecting the preſenſation which animals have of fair dry weather.

Clear, dry weather generally follows after wet weather, when the atmoſphere has been freed from the vapours collected in it by their falling to the earth in rain. Clouds as well as rain are the means by which the air frees itſelf from the electric vapours that are continually ariſing; and if theſe again fall down, it appears very natural that animals, which live chiefly in the open air, ſhould expreſs, by various external movements, the eaſe with which they breathe, and perform all the vital functions. From this principle it ſeems not difficult to explain the following obſervations:

The fluttering of bats in the evening, beetles flying about on the highways, and the ſporting of gnats toward ſunſet, require no explanation. I ſhall only remark, what is already well known to every obſerver, that this preſenſation is highly uſeful to bats as well as to inſects. Every ſhower of rain would render it impoſſible for them to fly, as their wings are not ſecured by any oily matter againſt moiſture; they would therefore be rendered much heavier by rain, and unfit for flying, and they could not be ſo eaſily placed again in folds, which, conſidering the ſtructure of theſe animals, is abſolutely neceſſary, as when they have remained dry.

The ſame principle ſeems to be applicable to the high flight of larks and ſwallows, which perhaps haſten to the upper regions of the atmoſphere becauſe they are freer from vapours and more ſuited to them, and becauſe the lower regions, being more loaded with vapours, afford them leſs pleaſure than thoſe above. The inſects alſo which they purſue for food take then, perhaps, a higher flight.

The croaking of the green water-frog in ponds I cannot ſufficiently explain; but it ſeems to expreſs the pleaſure ariſing from the greater quantity of inſects then flying about, and which they can catch with more eaſe and convenience. But clear dry weather is not ſo agreeable to frogs as the return of warm weather. If they make a noiſe in the time of cold rain, warm dry weather will follow. But if the dry weather proceeds from raw winds, and if warmth and rain ſucceed, their noiſe may foretel rain; and therefore Linnæus's rule *prædicit pluviam* will loſe nothing of its truth. He ſeems ſo much the more to be right, as more raw than warm dry days take place in the climate of Sweden. I have, to my great inconvenience, experienced the truth of his aſſertion, on journeys which I was under the neceſſity of continuing for ſeveral days.

That

That the weather fiſh * *(cobitis foſſilis)* leaves the water quite pure during dry weather, and the green frog † ſits at the top of the glaſs, may proceed from the lighter or heavier ſtate of the atmoſphere, particularly as the latter is remarkably fond of cleanlineſs and moderately pure air.

The aſſembling of ravens in the fields, and the ſinging of the wood-pigeon, may be eaſily accounted for from the above principles.

I have never ſeen birds in good weather dreſs their feathers with oil from the fat glands, in order to ſecure them from rain; but I have obſerved many do ſo when the atmoſphere was overcaſt, and when there was an appearance of rain. I ſhould therefore include this circumſtance in the following claſs, did not experience admit alſo of another explanation, viz. that the birds from the atmoſphere becoming lighter, hope for the ſpeedy arrival of dry weather, and therefore anoint themſelves, and ſecure their feathers from moiſture, that they may be able to fly higher than uſual with leſs impediment. If the laſt explanation ought not to be altogether rejected, as I do not think it can, we may admit of this obſervation, eſpecially as all the experience of men worthy of belief allows of no reaſoning to be brought againſt it.

The expreſſion of animals which ſhow a preſenſation of rainy weather may be explained partly from the increaſing weight of the atmoſphere, partly from their manner of living, and partly from the want of moiſture which is neceſſary to their exiſtence.

The reſtleſſneſs of domeſtic cattle may proceed from many cauſes. It is known that the atmoſphere in ſummer, before rain falls, is generally heavier, on account of the electric vapour that ariſes. The inſects which infeſt cattle, and which mark this heavineſs, become then more numerous, and, getting into the ſtalls where the cattle are kept, torment them, and make them reſtleſs. The aſcending vapour has alſo perhaps ſome influence on the ſkins of theſe animals, which ceaſes when the earth does not ſuffer ſo much vapour to eſcape as before; or the air, too ſtrongly charged with electricity, excites in them an unpleaſant ſenſation. It indeed appears ſtrange to explain the ſame phenomenon from two perfectly oppoſite cauſes, a want and exceſs of electricity; but we know caſes of the like kind in medicine, ſuch, for example, as that where the cramp and ſleep produce *atonia*. People who have wounds or old ulcers feel, on a

* So called becauſe kept in Germany to foretel changes of the weather. When the weather is fine they continue quiet, but before a ſtorm or rain are very reſtleſs.

† This animal, though very common in many parts of Europe, is not found in England.

change of weather, a contraction and burning in thoſe parts; and why ſhould not ſuch affections take place in animals?

All theſe grounds taken together will be ſufficient, in my opinion, to explain why horſes and aſſes rub themſelves, ſhake their heads, and ſnuff the air by turning up their noſes; why aſſes bray much, and jump about; why cattle ſcrape up the earth, and ſtamp with their feet; and why ſwine, though not hungry, eat greedily, and dig up the earth a great deal with their ſnouts. The reſtleſſneſs, running about, ſcraping with the feet, and eating graſs, among dogs; and moles continually throwing up the earth, can all be deduced from the ſame; as well as the cats dreſſing themſelves.

I have remarked that cocks crow on every change of weather, beſide at the uſual time. They as well as pigeons haſten to their places of ſhelter in order to be ſecured againſt the rain, the approach of which they muſt be ſenſible of, by the continually increaſing weight of the atmoſphere.

The cauſe of fowls, pigeons, quails, and other birds, waſhing themſelves, appears to me to be a certain heat or itching, which they wiſh by theſe means to remove.

Swallows, in all probability, take a low flight on the approach of rainy weather, becauſe the electric atmoſphere is too heavy for them, and becauſe they have not ſufficient ſtrength to mount above it. But cranes, as being ſtronger birds, employ all their ſtrength to riſe above it, and therefore fly ſo high.

I have remarked in ravens, that their croaking, unleſs when they ſmell carrion, proceeds from fear. They obſerve perhaps, by the atmoſphere ſtill becoming heavier, that a ſtorm highly diſagreeable to them will ſoon take place, and therefore they croak, and attach themſelves to trees; and when they are ſtartled by any thing uncommon they take a high flight, making a loud cry. They eaſily diſcover their perſecutors among men, and always cry with a loud noiſe as long as they think they are purſued by them.

That jackdaws, on the approach of rainy weather, flap their wings, and pick their feathers with their bills, may be explained partly by an unpleaſant ſenſation before rain, and partly from the ſtate of the atmoſphere.

To the before-mentioned itching or burning ſenſation I refer alſo the bathing and plunging of water-fowl. That the birds of the foreſt ſhould haſten to their neſts is very natural, as from the ſtate of the atmoſphere they muſt apprehend rain.

The crying of peacocks, except at pairing time, appears to be a phenomenon analogous to the crowing of cocks. I have often remarked it on a change of weather, and often even on a change of wind.

That ſtorks and cranes place their bills under their wings, is a phenomenon remarked alſo among domeſtic fowls when they

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fly to their roofts to fecure themfelves againft rain. Their pecking their breafts feems to fignify an itching fenfation in that part of their bodies.

The croaking of the male green or tree frog feems to denote an unpleafant fenfation, for in fine weather I never heard them fend forth the fmalleft cry. But the appearance of toads implies a pleafant fenfation, as thefe animals are fo fond of living in dirt.

Ants labour with great diligence, and bees haften home, and do not fly far from their hives, becaufe they follow their inftinct. The former endeavour to complete their habitations, and to fecure themfelves better againft rain, and perhaps to lay up provifion for the rainy feafon. The latter haften home to their hives, and fly no more abroad, becaufe the wet would impede them in their flight and labour.

Gnats *(conops)* come into houfes to fecure themfelves from rain, which would impede their flight, and there they attach themfelves to the legs to procure that nourifhment which is denied them without.

The increafed biting of fleas I cannot explain, as the natural hiftory of thefe infects is as yet too obfcure.

Earth worms creep from their holes through inftinct, as they can move themfelves forward only upon earth that is flippery.

A prefenfation of ftorms I have obferved only among the perfect of the *mammalia*, and as yet but among two, viz. man and the dog. Both thefe feem to have a fenfe of the increafed electricity of the atmofphere. It appears in general, that the more imperfect animals remark only the approach of dry weather; the more perfect, the approach of rain; and the moft perfect, the approach of ftorms. All animals, perhaps, with their external fenfes, and all plants by their organs, are fenfible of the variations of the weather: but plants are not here my object, as it is not neceffary to prove the influence of the weather on them, as it is fufficiently apparent to every obferver. Here I allude only to the external expreffion of internal fenfations, as may be feen by the adduced inftances; elfe one might confider the fhutting and expanding of many plants as foreboding variations of the weather.

The dog, on the approach of rainy weather, expreffes figns of uneafinefs; fcratches himfelf becaufe the fleas then bite him with more violence; digs up the earth with his feet, runs round, and eats grafs: he is accuftomed, however, to do the latter when he is very hot, perhaps, to cool himfelf, and in general a ftorm follows foon after. Before a ftorm he evaporates more ftrongly, fo that his fmell becomes intolerable; he creeps in a dejected manner to his mafter, and lies quiet. The cat alfo feems to have this in common with the dog, that fhe creeps to her mafter alfo

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on the approach of a ſtorm. But all theſe phenomena require a further explanation.

The moſt perfect of all animals, man, is on the approach of ſtorms only ſubject to certain unpleaſant ſenſations; but theſe muſt teach him, in the moſt ſtriking manner, that his ſpiritual part, even though it diſengages itſelf ſo much from oppreſſive cares, is irremediably connected here below with a ſluggiſh body, which frequently exerciſes tyrannic ſway over the ſoul. Men in a ſound ſtate of health are ſubjected, on the approach of ſtormy weather, to heavineſs of body and mind, a want of capacity to perform their uſual occupations, a yawning and relaxation, which are highly diſagreeable. Theſe are often accompanied alſo with a ſenſation of heat. All theſe phenomena appear in ſome more and in others leſs, and in ſome do not take place at all: but the laſt caſe happens very rarely. Sick perſons, or thoſe whoſe juices are corrupted, experience, beſide the above, an itching heat in thoſe parts of their bodies which are covered; and many who have old wounds, ulcers, and the like, have in theſe uncommon ſenſations. Many of theſe may be aſcribed to perſpiration checked by the great heat; though, as Weikard, a philoſophic phyſician, aſſerts, the want of electric matter in the body may have ſome ſhare in them alſo.

When ſtormy weather happens in winter, theſe ſenſations, as well as the before-mentioned preſenſation of animals, do not take place; at leaſt no one has ever obſerved them. This, in all probability, ariſes from the influence of the ſeaſon.

I muſt conclude this eſſay with requeſting, that what I have here ſaid may be conſidered, as it really is, an hypothetic explanation of well known facts.

Narrative of the Sufferings of ſome Deſerters.

LETTERS lately received from St. Helena give a moſt ſingular and affecting narrative reſpecting ſix deſerters from the artillery of that iſland. Their extraordinary adventures produced a court of enquiry on the 12th of December laſt, when John Brown, one of the ſurvivors, delivered the following account, upon oath, before Captain Desfountain, Preſident; Lieutenant B. Hodſon, and Enſign Young:

"In June, 1799, I belonged to the firſt company of artillery, in the ſervice of this garriſon; and on the 10th of that month, about half an hour before parade time, M'Kinnon, gunner and orderly of the ſecond company, aſked me if I was willing to go with him on board of an American ſhip called the Columbria, Captain Henry Lelar, (the only ſhip then in the roads): after ſome converſation I agreed, and met him about ſeven o'clock at the playhouſe, where I found one M'Quinn, of Major Seale's

company, another man called Brighouſe, another called Parr, and the ſixth Matthew Conway.

" Parr was a good ſeaman, and ſaid he would take us to the iſland of Aſcenſion, or lay off the harbour till the Columbria could weigh anchor and come out. We went down about eight o'clock to the Weſt Rocks, where the American boat was waiting for us, manned with three of the American ſeamen, which took us alongſide the Columbria. We went on board—Parr went down into the cabin, and we changed our clothes after having been on board half an hour.

" Brighouſe and Conway propoſed to cut a whale-boat from out of the harbour, to prevent the Columbria from being ſuſpected, which they effected, having therein a coil of rope and five oars, with a large ſtone ſhe was moored by—this happened about eleven at night.

" We obſerved lanthorns paſſing on the line towards the Sea Gate, and hearing a great noiſe, thought we were miſſed and ſearched for. We immediately embarked in the whale-boat, with about twenty-five pounds of bread in a bag, and a ſmall keg of water, ſuppoſed to contain about thirteen gallons, one compaſs and one quadrant, given to us by the commanding officer of the Columbria; but in our hurry the quadrant was either left behind or dropped overboard.

" We then left the ſhip, pulling with two oars only to get a-head of her; the boat was half full of water, and nothing to bale her out. In this condition we rowed out to ſea, and lay off the iſland, a great diſtance, expecting the American ſhip hourly.

" About twelve o'clock the ſecond day, no ſhip appearing, by Parr's advice we bore away, ſteering N. by W. and then N. N. W. for the iſland of Aſcenſion, uſing our handkerchiefs as ſubſtitutes for ſails. We met with a gale of wind which continued two days: the weather then became very fine, and we ſuppoſed that we had run about ten miles an hour. M'Kinnon kept a reckoning with pen, ink, and paper, ſupplied by the Columbria, as alſo charts and maps.

" We continued our courſe till about the 18th in the morning, when we ſaw a number of birds but no land. About twelve that day Parr ſaid he was ſure we muſt be paſt the iſland, accounting it to be 800 miles from St. Helena. We then each of us took our ſhirt, and with them made a ſmall ſprit-ſail, and laced our jackets and trowſers together at the waiſtband to keep us warm, and then altered our courſe to W. by N. thinking to make Rio de Janeiro, on the American coaſt. Proviſions running very ſhort, we allowed ourſelves only one ounce of bread for twenty-four hours, and two mouthfuls of water.

" We continued until the 26th, when all our proviſions were expended. On the 27th M'Quinn took a piece of bamboo in his mouth to chew, and we all followed his example. On that night,

night, it being my turn to ſteer the boat, and remembering to have read of perſons in our ſituation eating their ſhoes, I cut a piece off one of mine; but it being ſoaked with ſalt water, I was obliged to ſpit it out, and take the inner ſole, which I eat part of, and diſtributed to the reſt, but found no benefit from it.

"On the 1ſt of July, Mr. Parr caught a dolphin with a gaff that had been left in the boat. We all fell on our knees, and thanked God for his goodneſs to us. We tore up the fiſh and hung it up to dry; about four we eat part of it, which agreed with us pretty well. On this fiſh we ſubſiſted until the 4th, about eleven o'clock, when finding the whole expended, bones and all, Parr, myſelf, Brighouſe, and Conway, propoſed to ſcuttle the boat, and let her go down, to put us out of our miſery; the other two objected, obſerving that God who had made man, always found him ſomething to eat.

"On the 5th, about eleven, M'Kinnon propoſed that it would be better to caſt lots for one of us to die in order to ſave the reſt; to which we conſented. William Parr being ſick two days before with the ſpotted fever, was excluded. He wrote the numbers out, and put them in a hat, which we drew out blind-folded, and put them in our pockets. Parr then aſked whoſe lot it was to die—none of us knowing what number we had in our pocket—each one praying to God that it might be his lot. It was agreed that No. 5 ſhould die; and the lots being unfolded, M'Kinnon's was No. 5.

"We had agreed that whoſe lot it was ſhould bleed himſelf to death; for which purpoſe we had provided ourſelves with nails ſharpened, which we got from the boat. M'Kinnon with one of them cut himſelf in three places, in his foot, hand, and wriſt; and praying God to forgive him, died in about a quarter of an hour.

"Before he was quite cold, Brighouſe with one of thoſe nails cut a piece of fleſh off his thigh, and hung it up, leaving the body in the boat. About three hours after we all eat of it—only a very ſmall bit. This piece laſted us until the 7th. We dipped the body every two hours into the ſea to preſerve it. Parr having found a piece of ſlate in the bottom of the boat, he ſharpened it on the other large ſtone, and with it cut another piece of the thigh, which laſted us until the 8th, when it being my watch, and obſerving the water, about break of day, to change colour, I called the reſt, thinking we were near ſhore, but ſaw no land, it not being quite day-light.

"As ſoon as day appeared, we diſcovered land right a-head, and ſteered towards it. About eight in the morning we were cloſe to the ſhore; there being a very heavy ſurf, we endeavoured to turn the boat's head to it, but being very weak we were unable—ſoon after the BOAT UPSET!! Myſelf, Conway,

way, and Parr, got on ſhore. M'Quinn and Brighouſe were drowned!

"We diſcovered a ſmall hut on the beach, in which were an Indian and his mother, who ſpoke Portugueſe, and I underſtanding that language, learnt that there was a village, about three miles diſtance, called Belmont. This Indian went to the village, and gave information that the French had landed, and in about two hours the governor of the village (a clergyman) with ſeveral armed men, took Conway and Parr priſoners, tying them by their hands and feet, and ſlinging them on a bamboo ſtick, and in this manner took them to the village. I being very weak, remained in the hut ſome time, but I was afterwards taken.

"On our telling them we were Engliſh, we were immediately releaſed, and three hammocks provided; we were taken in them to the governor's houſe, who let us lie on his own bed, and gave us milk and rice to eat; but not having eaten any thing for a conſiderable time, we were lock-jawed, and continued ſo till the 23d, during which time the governor wrote to the governor of St. Salvador, who ſent a ſmall ſchooner to a place called Porto Seguro, to take us to St. Salvador.

"We were conducted to Porto Seguro on horſeback, paſſing through Santa Croix, where we remained about ten days; afterwards we embarked, and on our arrival at St. Salvador, Parr, on being queſtioned by the governor, anſwered, that our ſhip had foundered at ſea, and we had ſaved ourſelves in the boat; that the ſhip's name was the Sally, of Liverpool, and belonged to his father, and was laſt from Cape Corſe Caſtle, on the coaſt of Africa, to touch at Aſcenſion for turtle, and then bound for Jamaica. Parr ſaid he was the captain.

"We continued at St. Salvador about thirteen days, during which time the inhabitants made up a ſubſcription of 200l. each man. We then embarked in the Maria, a Portugueſe ſhip for Liſbon; Parr, as mate, Conway, boatſwain's mate, myſelf being ſickly, as paſſenger.

"In thirteen days we arrived at Rio de Janeiro. Parr and Conway ſailed for Liſbon, and I was left in the hoſpital: In about three months, Captain Elphinſtone, of the Diomede, preſſed me into his majeſty's ſervice, giving me the choice of remaining on that ſtation, or to proceed to the admiral at the Cape. I choſe the latter, and was put with ſeven ſuſpected deſerters on board the Ann, a Botany-Bay ſhip, in irons, with the convicts.

"When I arrived at the Cape, I was put on board the Lancaſter, of 64 guns. I never entered. I at length received my diſcharge; ſince which I engaged in the Duke of Clarence as a ſeaman. I was determined to give myſelf up the firſt opportu-

nity, in order to relate my ſufferings to the men of this garriſon, to deter them from attempting ſo mad a ſcheme again."

[Attending to the above narrative, we cannot help noticing the juſtice of providence ſo ſtrikingly exemplified in the melancholy fate of M'Kinnon, the deluder of theſe unhappy men, and the victim of his own illegal and diſgraceful ſcheme. May his fate prove a memento to ſoldiers and ſailors, and a uſeful though awful leſſon to the encouragers and abettors of deſertion.]

MEMOIRS *of* MRS. CHAPONE.

" So may ſome gentle muſe,
" With lucky words favour my deſtin'd urn;
" And as he paſſes turn,
" And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhroud."

MRS. CHAPONE, who died at Hadley, in Middleſex, December the 25th, 1801, in her 75th year, has long been known to the public, as an elegant and highly moral writer. The firſt productions of her's, which were given to the world, were, the intereſting ſtory of Fidelia, in the Adventurer; and a poem, prefixed to her friend Mrs. Carter's tranſlation of Epictetus; but her name only became known on the publication of a deſervedly popular work, " Letters on the Improvement of the Mind, addreſſed to a Young Lady." This was printed in 1773, and will long, it is to be hoped, maintain its place in the library of young women. It is diſtinguiſhed by ſound ſenſe, a liberal, as well as a warm, ſpirit of piety, and a philoſophy applied to its beſt uſe, the culture of the heart and affections. It has no ſhining eccentricities of thought, no peculiarities of ſyſtem; it follows experience as its guide, and is content to produce effects of acknowledged utility, by known and approved means. On theſe accounts, it is perhaps the moſt unexceptionable treatiſe, that can be put into the hands of female youth. Theſe letters are particularly excellent, in what relates to regulating the temper and feelings. Their ſtyle is pure and unaffected, and the manner grave and impreſſive. Thoſe who chooſe to compare them in this reſpect with another widely circulated publication, addreſſed, about the ſame time, to young women, (Dr Fordyce's Sermons) will probably be of opinion, that the dignified ſimplicity of the female writer is much more conſonant to true taſte, than the affected prettineſſes, and conſtant glitter of the preacher.

Mrs. Chapone ſoon after publiſhed a volume of Miſcellanies, containing one or two moral eſſays, and ſome elegant poems.

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The poems, which have the merit of many beautiful thoughts, and ſome original images, ſeem not to have been ſufficiently appreciated by the public; for they were not greatly noticed, owing perhaps to the mode of their publication. It was not then ſo common as it has been ſince, to mix new matter with old.

Mrs. Chapone's maiden name was Mulſo: her family was a reſpectable one, in Northamptonſhire. Her married life was ſhort, and not very happy. She probably alluded to her own nuptial choice, when ſhe ſpeaks in one of her poems of

" Prudence ſlow, that ever comes too late."

When left a widow, her very limited circumſtances prevented her not from enjoying a large acquaintance among the firſt circles of ſociety, who admired her for her talents, and reſpected her for her virtues.

She underſtood and reliſhed converſation. Her diſcourſe was ſeaſoned occaſionally with a vein of humour; and having the advantage (for it is an advantage) of aſſociating in early life with the beſt company, the eaſe and poliſh of the gentlewoman accompanied the talents of the writer. Her perſon was plain: but in her youth ſhe had a fine voice, and always had a ſtrong taſte for muſic. Mrs. Chapone was one of thoſe women who have ſhewn that it is poſſible to attain a correct and elegant ſtyle, without an acquaintance with the claſſics. The French and Italian ſhe underſtood; and from the latter ſhe made ſome tranſlations. Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montague, and another lady, who ſtands confeſſedly at the ſummit of female literature, and upon a par with the moſt diſtinguiſhed ſcholars of the other ſex, were friends and intimates; the two former have left the ſtage; but their venerable ſenior ſtill ſurvives to receive the homage of another century.

Mrs. Chapone had been declining in health for many years. The loſs of a beloved niece, the lady to whom the letters were addreſſed, and of a more beloved brother, to whom ſhe was united in affection and ſimilarity of taſte, haſtened the infirmities of age; and for ſome time before her death, ſhe was laid aſide from ſociety.

It is not unuſual for thoſe, who in ſome period of their lives have filled a certain ſpace in the eye of the public, if they have been ſometime withdrawn from it, to glide ſilently out of life unnoticed, except by the attendants at their bedſide; ſo was it with Mrs. Chapone—But if there are thoſe of her ſex, now happy wives and mothers, who have in any meaſure been formed to thoſe characters by the early impreſſions they may have received from her writings, they will drop a grateful tear to the

memory of their benefactor, and rank her among those who, in the French phrase, " have deserved well of their country."

A. L. B.

Hampstead.

The Example of the Great, the Salvation of the State.

[The following energetic Passage is extracted from Mr. Bowles's popular pamphlet, entitled, " Reflections at the Conclusion of the War."]

IN contemplating, in a general view, the actual state of morals in this country, nothing is more calculated to excite despondency than the consideration that we have continued to make great advances in depravity, not only while we were struggling for our existence, and while our situation was, of course, the most unfavourable to vice, but while we enjoyed advantages peculiarly favourable to moral improvement—while the British throne was exhibiting a bright example of piety and virtue; which, though it cannot illumine, serves to display, in " darkness visible," the deep and horrible corruption in which the world is plunged. By the transcendently excellent qualities that distinguish the great personage who now fills that throne, he has been enabled to stand in the breach, which has been made in the ramparts of civilized society ; and to avert the destruction which has menaced the venerable edifice.

But while those qualities have shone with such attractive and powerful lustre—while they have been producing such beneficial effects, we have been making gigantic strides in our vicious career! What would become of us, if we should be suddenly deprived of the blessing which we have so much abused? What would be our fate, if, at a juncture like this, the throne were to exhibit an example of an opposite tendency ? Heaven preserve us from such a misfortune!—My attachment to the reigning family is rooted in my " heart's core."—My anxiety for the British throne, pending the dangers to which, in common with every other throne, it has lately been exposed, has embittered my choicest comforts. And I most solemnly vow, before Almighty God, to devote myself, to the end of my days, to the maintenance of that throne. With these feelings—with this determination—may I not venture to approach the accomplished prince, who is next in the order of royal succession, with the words of truth,—so seldom heard by princes, though the most valuable offering that can be presented to them—and to assure him that all his real friends are apprehensive of the most direful consequences to himself, to his house, and to his country, unless he imitate the

bright

bright pattern of religion and virtue which is displayed by his illuſtrious ſire?

But all the virtues which can adorn the throne will not be long of any avail, without a ſuitable co-operation on the part of thoſe, whoſe example, next to that of the ſovereign, has the greateſt influence on the manners of ſociety. It deſerves the moſt attentive conſideration of the higher ranks, that if they conduce to the depravity of the age, they will ſerve in the moſt eſſential manner, the cauſe of Jacobiniſm; and contribute, by the moſt effectual means, to level with the duſt that venerable column of ariſtocracy, which is a neceſſary ſupport of the ſocial edifice. The whole of that column, from the broad baſe which ſtands upon the firm foundation of ſocial reſpect, to the towering capital, which, by its dignified elevation commands the reverence of all below, depends, not merely for its beauty, but alſo for its ſtrength, upon religion and morals; without which, inſtead of being the Corinthian pillar of the ſocial edifice, it would become a looſe and tottering pile of deformity.

May every one, who belongs to this moſt valuable order, duly reflect upon the importance of his example at ſo awful a criſis as that, which, unleſs a ſpeedy amendment take place, now menaces every order with ruin, and every individual with wretchedneſs!

A CAUTION *to* TRAVELLERS *to* FRANCE.

[From the ſame Work.]

AS great numbers of our countrymen are deſirous of expoſing themſelves to the polluted atmoſphere of modern Paris—that ſcene of ſhameful debauchery—that theatre of ſucceſsful crime and unpuniſhed regicide; and as the motive generally aſſigned for ſo perilous an expedition is a curioſity to ſee the magazine of pillage—the muſeum of ſtolen goods, of which a horde of ferocious banditti have plundered different nations of Europe, and of which they have now the effrontery to make an oſtentatious diſplay to all who are ſo deſtitute of moral taſte, as to be capable of enduring ſuch an exhibition: it is to be lamented, that theſe ſpoils of rapacity have not labels annexed to them, ſpecifying the places where they were ſeverally taken, and the circumſtantial details of each robbery. To ſupply this deficiency, a catalogue, containing ſuch a ſpecification, would prove an uſeful *vade mecum* in a journey to Paris; and the publication of a catalogue of that nature would materially ſerve the cauſe of virtue, though it may not be very favourable to that of *virtu*,

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES *of* MINSTRELS.

IT is ſaid of William Longchamp, biſhop of Ely, chancellor and juſticiary of England, and a great favourite of Richard the Firſt, that he kept a number of poets in his pay, to make ſongs and poems in his praiſe; and alſo, that with great gifts he allured many of the beſt ſingers and minſtrels from the continent, to ſing thoſe ſongs in the public ſtreets of the principal cities in England. It was, on the other hand, a very dangerous employment to cenſure the characters of great perſonages, or hold their actions up to ridicule; for though the ſatiriſt might be ſecure at the moment, he was uncertain that fortune would not one day or another put him into the power of his adverſary, which was the caſe with Luke de Barra, a celebrated Norman minſtrel; who, in his ſongs having made very free with the character of Henry the Firſt, of England, by ſome untoward accident fell into the hands of the irritated monarch.

He condemned him to have his eyes pulled out; and, when the Earl of Flanders, who was preſent, pleaded warmly in his favour, the king replied: "This man, being a wit, a poet, and a minſtrel, compoſed many indecent ſongs againſt me, and ſung them openly to the great entertainment of mine enemies; and, ſince it has pleaſed God to deliver him into my hands, I will puniſh him, to deter others from the like petulance." The cruel ſentence was executed, and the miſerable ſatiriſt died ſoon after with the wounds he had received in ſtruggling with the executioner. The gratification of a mean revenge is a ſtrong mark of a little mind; and this inhumanity reflects great diſcredit upon the king: it would have been noble in him to have pardoned the unfortunate culprit.

Again, in the reign of King Edward the Second, at the ſolemnization of the feaſt of Pentecoſt in the great hall at Weſtminſter, when that prince was ſeated at dinner in royal ſtate, and attended by the peers of the realm, a woman habited like a minſtrel, riding upon a great horſe trapped in the minſtrel faſhion, entered the hall, and, going round the ſeveral tables, imitated the geſtures of a mimic, and at length mounted the ſteps to the royal table, upon which ſhe depoſited a letter; and, having ſo done, ſhe turned her horſe, and, ſaluting all the company, retired.

The letter was found to contain ſome very ſevere reflections upon the conduct of the monarch, which greatly angered him; and the actreſs, being arreſted by his command, diſcovered the author of the letter, who acknowledged the offence, and was pardoned; but the door keeper, being reprimanded on account of her admiſſion, excuſed himſelf, by declaring it had never been cuſtomary to prevent the entry of minſtrels and perſons in diſguiſements,

guiſements, upon the ſuppoſition that they came for the entertainment of his majeſty.

This woman had probably aſſumed the habit of a man, and a female was choſen upon this occaſion, according to the opinion of an eminent modern author, becauſe upon detection, her ſex might plead for her, and diſarm the king's reſentment. It is, however, certain, that this time, and long before it, there were women who practiſed the minſtrel's art, or at leaſt ſome branches of it. We read of the glee-maidens, or female minſtrels, in the Saxon records; and I believe, that their province in general was to dance and to tumble; whence they acquired the name of *tombleſteres*, and *ſaylours* *, in the time of Chaucer, who uſes both theſe denominations.

* From *ſalio*, to leap or dance.

ANECDOTE *of a* BEGGAR.

THAT room wherein one of the wives of Harry VIII. was ſentenced to decapitation during the time that Bridewell Hoſpital was the royal reſidence, is now the court-room, where vagabonds, &c. that are apprehended in its precincts are tried, Bridewell being (though in the city), a ſeparate juriſdiction. On each ſide of its ſpacious fire-place is a worm-eaten crutch, that once ſupported an apparently miſerable cripple, ſcarcely able to crawl; but ſuſpicion ariſing that he was an impoſtor, and nothing as yet being proved to the contrary, he was ſentenced to impriſonment and hard labour, and as a prelude to which, a ſound flogging before he left the court.

A wicket, about five feet high, ſurmounted with ſharp iron ſpikes, cloſing the door-way, was thought ſufficient to ſecure him while the apparatus was getting ready for his puniſhment, but to the utter ſurpriſe of every one preſent, this infirm diſciple of Lazarus eluded his ſentence, by ſuddenly ſpringing over the wicket, and eſcaping his purſuers.

His crutches, which he left behind, are ſtill ſhewn as a memento of his agility.

GLORIOUS INSTANCES *of* BRITISH BRAVERY.

A Very arduous part fell to the lot of the 28th regiment to perform, in Egypt, in the memorable action of the 21ſt of March, 1801. On that day the 28th regiment was poſted on a redoubt a little in front of the reſerve, where it received the firſt onſet of a whole body of the enemy, volunteers for that particular ſervice. After repeated efforts to take the works, in which

which they ſometimes got to the top, they were repulſed with great ſlaughter. In this deſperate conflict, the 28th and 58th were engaged for nearly twenty minutes, and the ammunition of theſe two advanced corps, (160 rounds), almoſt expended, before the ſecond line could come to their ſupport, when the enemy made their laſt effort, in which they were ſo completely defeated by the 42d, 23d, General Stewart's brigade &c.

It was during this awful period that the enemy's cavalry charged the 28th in rear, while warmly engaged with the infantry in front, (the gorge of the redoubt being quite open,) when the rear rank faced about, gave them one fire, which killed or wounded every man and horſe in ſight, and then reſumed their proper front as regularly as if nothing had happened. A circumſtance which occurred during this critical moment, as it ſtrongly evinces the coolneſs and gallantry of the ſoldiers, deſerves to be recorded for the honour of thoſe brave fellows:

A ſoldier of the 28th, whoſe ammunition was expended, called to the ſerjeant of his company to get him more, and before the ſerjeant had time to reply, his comrade exclaimed, "Never mind the ammunition, by J—s we have our bayonets left." Theſe circumſtances deſerve to be made known. The recollection of them is a juſtice due to the 28th regiment, and it may operate as an example and incitement on future ſervices.

Compariſon between the Infancy of a Human Being and of Society.

THE infancy of a human being and of ſocieties bear an exact reſemblance to each other; and the rapid progreſs of the individual from a ſtate of total ignorance to a ſtate of knowledge, is a correct miniature of the riſe and progreſs of ſocial inſtitutions. The latter, indeed, has required a long revolution of ages to bring them to any degree of maturity, whereas the former is very often the work of a ſingle life. The cauſe of this difference it will not be difficult to explain. A child finds all the artificial diſcoveries of ſociety ready at his hands; they appear to him like ſo many originals, as ancient as nature itſelf. His only object therefore is, to have their ſeveral properties unfolded, without inquiring who was the inventor, or when the thing under contemplation was invented. But this is not applicable ſtrictly to ſocieties in their early condition; for every new diſcovery is the reſult of neceſſity, and the mind being intent only on the means of ſelf-preſervation, is little diſpoſed to range into the unexploded regions of ſcience. Ignorance and wonder are the attributes of the unlettered barbarian; doubt and inveſtigation of the enlightened citizen.

SINGULAR METHOD *of* EXTORTION.

AMONG the numerous abuſes practiſed or tolerated by the ſenate of Venice, in the government of the Grecian iſlands, ſubject to their ſway, the following ſingular method of extortion is worthy of notice.

When a governor was appointed, his firſt care was to provide himſelf with a good ſum of money, which, perhaps, he was obliged to borrow from the Jews eſtabliſhed at Venice. Immediately on his arrival in the iſle which he was to govern, he diſtributed that money among the peaſants, in what may literally be called a forced loan, though of a very different kind from what we uſually underſtand by that term. In fact, he compelled them to accept the loan, under the obligation of repaying double the amount at the expiration of the year. If they ſhewed themſelves deficient in the payment at the appointed time, whatever part remained unpaid was doubled for the ſucceeding year, and went on progreſſively doubling from year to year, until the debt was completely diſcharged.

Nor was this the whole of the grievance: for thoſe re-imburſements were not made in money, but in the productions of the ſoil, which the unfortunate peaſant was forced to deliver to his unfeeling oppreſſor at whatever price the latter choſe arbitrarily to ſet on them.

In vain the huſbandman remonſtrated againſt the compulſory loan, and repreſented that he did not want the money: in vain he ſtrove to avoid the acceptance of a ſum which was impudently offered to him under the name of a friendly aid: his refuſal was conſtrued into an act of rebellion: he was dragged to priſon, and there lay groaning in irons, till the cruelty of his ſituation at length extorted his conſent to the hard terms impoſed on him by the avarice of his tyrant. But, now, even his acceptance of the conditions was not ſufficient to procure him his liberty: he was moreover conſtrained to pay a certain fine, as the price of his enlargement.

Leaſt the Engliſh reader ſhould conceive this picture to be the work of imagination, it may be well to inform him that the facts are ſtated on the authority of Graſſet Saint-Sauveur, who reſided many years in the Venetian iſles, in the character of French conſul.

A QUESTION, *by T. Warring, Officer of Exciſe.*

HAVING given the ſolidity of a cone = 18,282 ſolid inches, to determine that which, being ſuſpended at its vertex, ſhall vibrate in the ſhorteſt time. A fluxionary ſolution is particularly requeſted.

Anſwer, by A. L. of Poole, to E. Penney's Rebus, inſerted December 28.

IN your rebus, Sir, its plainly ſeen,
A PILCHARD is the fiſh you mean.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from John Squance, R. Sowdon, H. Humphreys, S. Murch, W. Strong, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; G. H. near Bridport; J. Whittle, of Upway; H. Evans, and J. Willcocks, jun. of Plymouth Dock; T. Richards, jun. of Helſton; Juventus; J. Ninnis, of Aſhburton; and R. Maffett, of Saltaſh.

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, of Upway, to A. L.'s Charade, inſerted January 4.

THE goddeſs that you had in view,
SEA-NYMPH your lines do plainly ſhew.

⁂ We have received the like anſwer from J. Squance, Robert Sowdon, E. Moon, and W. Strong, of Exeter; Roſa; T. Richards, jun. of Helſtone; and G. H. near Bridport.

Anſwer, by E. Penney, of Exeter, to W. Strong's Rebus, inſerted January 4.

THO' kings give titles, honours, wealth,
'Tis God alone can give us HEALTH.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; A. L. of Poole; E. Moon, H. Humphreys, T. Whicker, R. Sowdon, and J. Squance, of Exeter; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Whittle, of Upway; G. England, of Uplyme; W. England, of Dorcheſter; W. Richards, jun. of Helſtone; Juventus; and J. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell.

A CHARADE, *by H. Humphreys, of Exeter.*

WHEN in my ſilent firſt you're laid,
All worldly care will ceaſe;
And underneath my next you'll reſt
'Till Chriſt ſhall come in peace.
From 'neath my whole you'll then ariſe,
And meet your Saviour in the ſkies.

A CHARADE, *by Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers.*

MY firſt with brilliancy's array'd;
My ſecond's is the tame;
My whole within my firſt appears,
Which, gents. you ſoon will name.

A CHARADE, *by E. Penney, of Exeter.*

MY firſt is a man, in ſcripture he's nam'd,
Who brought under ſin his whole race;
But on the moſt juſt, let us put our truſt,
Repent, and he'll ſave from diſgrace.
My ſecond, you'll find, is one that works hard
To keep far ſtern want from his door!
Induſtrious creature! he's taught by his Maker
For winter to lay up a ſtore.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines written in a beautiful Walk of Trees by Moonlight.

DEAR Hilaria! as I wander
Through thy grove's nocturnal gloom,
Deep in thought I love to ponder
On my fix'd, my final doom.

Lo! the moon in folemn motion
Peeping o'er Godolphin's* height,
Tinges weſtern hills and ocean
With a ray of miſty light.

Wafted on the genial breezes
From St. Michael's§ rocky ſhore,
This fond heart ſome murmur pleaſes
Whilſt on future ſcenes I pore.

Mortals' days how ſhort and fleeting!
O how ſwift they paſs away,
Soon with dark oblivion meeting
'Till the laſt deciſive day.

Earthly joys my heart eſteeming
Graſps at each deluſive bliſs;
Seldom for a moment dreaming
Of the world that follows this.

If of life ſo ſhort the meaſure,
Why, my heart, is earth ſo dear?
Why purſue an empty pleaſure
When eternity's ſo near?

Devonſhire. EDWIN.

* A hill in the weſt of Cornwall.
§ St Michael's Mount.

Lines written on the Sea Shore.

NOW the billows ceaſe their motion,
Angry waves no longer roar;
Sadly ſoft the flowing ocean
Murmurs o'er the ſandy ſhore.

Far my thoughts from worldly pleaſure,
O'er my future ſtation rove;
Pondering on the endleſs treaſure
Found alone in Jeſu's love.

What is life? A brittle bubble,
Empty as the barren air;
Toſs'd upon a ſea of trouble;
Blown by adverſe gales of care.

From yon cliff the ſtream deſcending
Haſtens down the rocky ſhore,
With the boundleſs ocean blending,
It is ſeen, alas! no more.

Thus is man for ever drawing
Nearer to oblivion's ſea;
Thus is time as ſwiftly flowing
Into vaſt eternity.

Soul from body ſoon muſt ſever,
And to Hell or Heaven fly;
Ah! and there to ſtay to ever;
Man art thou prepar'd to die?

Devonſhire. EDWIN.

To LAVINIA.

IN modeſt eve's celeſtial hour,
Forſaken by the ſolar ray,
Oft have I ſeen ſome tender flow'r
Cloſe its fair leaves at abſent day.

But when the chearful morn returns,
Freſh with the ſhow'rs of evening dew,
The blooming plant no longer mourns,
But brings its ſlumbering charms to view.

Thus, fair Lavinia! when I dwelt
With you beneath our native grove,
Each tranſient pang this boſom felt
Was ſooth'd by your ſweet voice of love.

But O! ſince fate has bade us part,
In ſilent grief I daily pine;
No youth has ſuch a faithful heart,
Or half ſo ſad a heart as mine.

If ſtill you love, O! do not grieve,
That this fond ſoul is doom'd to mourn;
Let hope the tedious hours deceive,
For ſoon Palemon will return.

PALEMON.

THE MANIAC BOY.

On addreſſing a Woman weeping at a Grave in a Village Church-Yard.

AND why thus waſte your ev'ning hour
By this miſhapen moſſy grave?

And

And why thus ſtrew the ſweeteſt
flow'rs,
And ſhed your tears in ſilent ſhow'rs,
Where night-ſhade and the tall weeds
wave?

Beneath this ſod bedew'd with tears,
And deck'd with many a flow'ret
wild,
Reflection oft her altars rears,
For here a thouſand hopes and fears,
Lie buried with my maniac child.

I've hous'd him from the wind and
rain,
From ſnows that fell in winter wild,
I've cloath'd him o'er and o'er again,
And with my labour did maintain,
Him whom I lov'd, my maniac child.

What time the day-ſtar ſung to reſt,
He'd ſcent the balmy breeze of morn;
Climbing the neighbouring moun-
tain's creſt,
Or blow the village herdſman's horn,
To break the drowſy ploughman's reſt.

Oft as he loiter'd by the tide,
That down the valley wildly guſhes,
The flow'rs that on the ſurface glide,
He'd catch, with more than human
pride
To deck his cap of ſea green ruſhes.

And, when the fervid noon-tide heat,
Urg'd fainting cattle to the ſhade,
And village ſwain on verdant ſeat,
With half-cloſ'd eyes at length was
laid,
He'd ſeek the ſhepherd-boy's retreat.

In lanes as any meadow green,
O'erſhadow'd by the drooping limes,
And there by loit'ring elves, unſeen,
He'd loudly chant the village chimes
To many ſad and ſimple rhymes.

But he the twilight time admir'd,
For then he'd oft forſake his home,
And wait and watch, as one inſpir'd,
By nettle-ſkirted grave or tomb,
To chaſe the owlet thro' the gloom.

One fatal, melancholy night,
I ſaw, O God! with wild affright,
My William numbered with the
dead;
I gueſs by will o'wiſp miſled,
He miſs'd the pathway to my ſhed.

For him I love at eve to weep,
And deck with flow'rets wild his clay,
For him, my vigils here I keep,
'Till ſummon'd home by coming
day.

INVOCATION *to* PEACE.

COME ſmiling peace! with balmy
wing,
And heal the ſoldier's wounded heart;
Bring all the flowers that deck the
ſpring
To twine his brow with magic art.

Bleſs with thy ſtores his cherub train,
Suppreſs the widow's riſing ſigh;
Illume with joy his native plain,
And dry the orphan's ſtreaming eye.

Becalm the ſailor's ſea-worn breaſt,
Torn with the perils of the main;
Benignly give his boſom reſt,
And crown with bliſs long years of
pain.

Let all his woes be huſh'd in peace,
As when no breeze diſturbs the ſea;
Bleſt with his laſs his cares ſhall ceaſe,
And all his toil be turn'd to glee.

Thus plenty's horn ſhall overflow,
And meagre want again be fed;
And ah! our ſuffering poor ſhall know,
The full-meal luxury of bread!

Commerce ſhall ſpread her fearleſs
ſails,
Whilſt trade ſhall flouriſh far and
near;
And, long as plenteous peace prevails,
Britons ſhall bleſs each bounteous
year.

TO THE REDBREAST.

HARMONIC ſongſter of the
grove,
The cadence of thy notes I love;
And often liſt'ning to thy ſong,
Unheeded paſs the hours along.

Thou bringeſt autumn's pleaſing reign,
With plenty flowing in its train;
Rich waving grain adorns each field,
And yellow fruit the trees do yield.

When keenly blows the wintry blaſt,
And nature yields no ſoft repaſt;
To my warm cot then quickly fly,
And there I'll ev'ry want ſupply.

There, without danger may'ſt thou
ſtray,
(And with thy ſongs the debt repay)
'Till ſpring ſhall chace away the cold,
And bid the earth her charms unfold:

Then in the grove rejoin the feather'd
train,
And with them welcome ſpring's re-
turn again.

H. V. SELWYN.

Pontefract.